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Take Things Calmly.

Some people act as if they were always just a few minutes behind time. If they could catch up their lives would be serene. But they never do catch up. Breathlessly they go through the day as if in pursuit of a phantom. Often they live under a great nervous tension. At the end of the day they are exhausted. One hears them speak as if they were subjected to great trials, including overwork. But, as a matter of fact, the trouble lies wholly within themselves. If they would only calm down and do quietly and serenely what they have to do life would take on a wholly different aspect for them, becoming, instead of a torment, a source of peace and happiness.—Exchange.

Star Systems All in Action.

It is known that all of the star systems are in nightly action. All are whirling within themselves, and also as entities of systems, whirling throughout the unfathomable unknown, but whither they are tending is as inexplicable to human comprehension, notwithstanding all the splendid accomplishments of astronomical science aided by marvelous instruments, as comprehension of time and space. The assumption that the central pivot of revolution is Canopus is as imaginary as the assumption that Alcyone was that center of universal gravitation and the throne where sat the eternal Deity directing all of the labyrinth of star systems with an omnipotent thought.

Carat.

The word carat is derived from an Arabic word meaning a weight of four grains. In Greek it signifies little horn, the fruit of the carob or locust tree. The carat is a small weight (originally in the form of a seed) used for diamonds and precious stones, and a measure for determining the fineness of gold. The exact weight of the carat in practice varies slightly in different places. In 1877 a syndicate of London Paris and Amsterdam jewelers fixed the weight at 205 milligrams (3.163 troy grains). The South African carat is said to equal 3.174 grains. The fineness of gold is measured by a ratio with 24 carats as a standard; thus two parts of alloy make it 22-carat gold, and so on.

Fooled Them All.

The discussion about the fitness of horse meat to eat calls to mind the story of a young man in Paris, a good many years ago, who made a wager with some friends that at a dinner he would serve one course would be horse meat and that none of them could tell which it was. After the dinner he asked them to name the horse-meat course, and found that they did not agree. One named one course, one another, and so on, but they all agreed that it was a mighty good dinner. "Gentlemen," he said, with his thumbs stuck in the armholes of his waistcoat, "it was all horse."

Lost Skill of the Ancients.

From the earliest periods of which we have historical records one of man's greatest problems has been to lift heavy loads rapidly and efficiently. Some of the greatest monuments of antiquity were built under conditions that involved lifting of heavy pieces of building material to great heights, but how it was done we do not know to this day. The manner in which the great stones were raised to their places in the pyramids in Egypt has always been a mystery and probably always will be. It is certain, however, that the builders of these wonderful monuments were possessed of mechanical contrivances that were lost in the dark ages intervening between their time and ours, or they possessed patience to a more remarkable degree than is exhibited in any race of men at the present time.—Engineering Magazine.

How Do You Say It?

What word is most frequently mispronounced? "Arctic," widely pronounced without the first c, would have a high place in the list. Others might be these: Cul-inary for culinary, la-mentable for lam-entable, airo-plane for a-e-roplane, ac-climate for accli-mate, cupolo for cupola, charlotte roosh for russe.

HOW WORLD'S THINKERS MIGHT HAVE BENEFITED BY TYPEWRITER

—A contributor to one of the current magazines deplores the fact that Benjamin Franklin had no typewriter. He says, and truthfully, that if the great man had not been compelled to use a pen and pencil, he could have accomplished much more than he did—a statement that is so obvious it is hardly worth quoting. The same thing can be said of all other great men—of Washington and Jefferson and all the rest. They accomplished much; they left a greater volume of writing than men do in the days of the typewriter. But the fact remains that with a typewriter any man can accomplish about four times as much as he could accomplish with pen and ink—in the way of recording his thoughts, if he sees fit to do so.

But the contributor overlooks one thing, namely, that the matter of writing it down is not all of a thinker's work, observes Columbus Dispatch. If Franklin had had a typewriter, he would not have been hammering it all the time. It would have aided him greatly; he would have had more time in which to do his thinking; he would not have had to spend so much time over a desk scrawling with a poor pen. But it is debatable whether he would have actually produced more literature than he did.

Charles Dickens wrote all of his novels with a quill. He could have done the writing in half the time on a typewriter, and the printers would have saved half their time. But in these days of the typewriter we have no novelists who are turning out good literature any more rapidly than Dickens did.

Thomas Jefferson left a whole library of his writing—and he wrote with a primitive pen. So, while the typewriter is one of the greatest of time savers, while it gives an increased product, and a more easily read product, the fact is that the men of today are not doing any more writing than was done when the matter had to be scratched upon a sheet of paper with a stick or quill.

NOT WEAKENED BY PEACE

How Warring Instinct Survives in Groups Explained by Writer in Scientific Journal.

Is not the fighting instinct something very different from the warring instinct?

The fighting instinct, answers Alleyne Ireland in the Journal of Heredity—that is to say, the instinct for personal combat, is an individual trait, finding an individual expression, as, for instance, in the "bad" man of the early mining camps. This instinct, having a very low survival value in a modern civilized environment, is probably disappearing under the pressure of a gradual elimination of the males, in which it is strongly developed.

The warring instinct, on the other hand, is a group phenomenon, and is simply one phase of the instinct of gregariousness. As such it has a high survival value in the conflict between human groups, and it is not subject to an eliminating pressure. It is a mistake to suppose that the warring instinct is weakened by long periods of peace. In order that this effect should appear we should have to accept the inheritance of traits acquired from the environment, a theory to which the opinion of biologists is almost universally opposed.

How Anglo-Indians Rest.

In the fertile Campagna near Lahore, India, are the popular Shahlimar gardens, the "Abode of Love," laid out along rectangular lines, like all Mogul gardens, with a shallow tank in center in which artificial waters play on Sundays, with long esplanades built out over the water for promenading and every now and then a beautiful little marble pavilion, the whole set in terraces of banana groves and dense foliage, and pulsing with the croaking of countless thousands of frogs and the subdued twittering of tropical birds.

It is here that once a year "Purdah," or seclusion, parties are held, when the gardens are closed to all but the Anglo-Indian and Indian ladies with their children, who spend the long day picnicking on the terraces, drinking tea and playing games and paying especial homage to the new brides of the year.

Why He Was Confident.

Sir John Foster Frazer said at an insurance men's banquet at Hartford:

"I used to know a theatrical manager who had a great many ups and downs. He never, though, came to actual grief, for, by the strangest good luck, whenever a show was a failure, and he couldn't meet his expenses, then—by the strangest good luck, as I said before—his theater would burn down, and the insurance would put him on his feet again.

"I met him the other day. He told me he had just taken over the Knickerbocker theater in Tenth street.

"'How do you think the place will go?' he asked.

"'Fine,' I answered. 'Fine. Why hang it, man, it's all wood.'".

WHY

Writings of Great Poets Linger in Memory

Hamlet's soliloquy beginning, "To be or not to be," is probably as familiar as it is possible for any words not in the Bible to be, and has certainly been declaimed and recited oftener than any others, from the boy at school to the great actor on the stage. Has its power, its philosophy, its fineness of thought and diction, its soaring imagination been thereby in any degree impaired? asks Henry Cabot Lodge in Scribner's. Where could one turn more surely at the chosen moment for a noble quotation? Again, no lines in Shakespeare are probably more universally familiar than Portia's speech, beginning "The quality of mercy is not strained." Has use at all lessened its exquisite beauty?

Descend in the scale of genius. Like Wolfe upon the eve of battle upon the plains of Abraham, boys and girls, men and women, have been repeating for more than a century the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." It might be described in the words of the young man overheard by Mrs. Kemble at the theater, who remarked of "Hamlet" that "it seemed to be made up of quotations." Does all this familiarity in any way affect its beauties, the charm of the verse, the perfection in the choice of words, the soft twilight of the picture and the thoughts? There is but one possible answer to such a question.

DO AWAY WITH IDLE HOURS

Why a "Hobby," or Something to Take Its Place, Is Necessary for Women.

There is that everlasting appeal to people to get a hobby. It is all very well for the writer or speaker to prepare his hobby sermons, but, like Portia, it is easier to tell twenty what is good to be done than to be one of the twenty to follow their own teachings.

A hobby is a most commendable thing. But most hobbies are expensive. The best thing to do is to plan out a daily routine for yourself where you know every hour where you will be and what you are going to do. There should be no idle or haphazard hours at all. These are the hours which make you nervous, allow you to think of yourself, and which the preachers of the hobbies would therefore have you fill with your "hobby."

Vacant, restless hours, if you have no hobby, can be filled with reading good books, calls on the sick, calls on the places of interest in your city, and with all such things which cost little or nothing. In this day of great needs, when letters and packages are enjoyed so much by the soldiers, there should be no woman who is idle, who can't find anything to take up her mind and is so hard pressed that she "must have a hobby."—Exchange.

How Some of Our Ancestors Lived.

According to James Curle, who has discovered some old caves and houses in Scotland, life in a two-by-four flat, with the janitor on a strike, is bliss compared to what people used to put up with. He has found several large caves in Scotland which were used as houses, a couple of thousand years ago, before modern conveniences were invented. In other places the houses were built underground. Many relics have been left in these dwellings. There are weaving combs, whorls, and spindles used by the women, enameled brooches, pins, and colored glass armlets with which they decked themselves. Women's and children's shoes were also found. Besides these are household utensils, wooden dishes and spoons, stone lamps and platters, and pottery of various kinds. The men have left tools and weapons, plows, picks, and rakes, made of deer antlers, wheels of carts, harness mountings, and large decorated swords. Prof. Carle declares that the Romans who were once in possession of the country taught the people to make all these things.

How Snow Is Colored.

A study has been made by Messrs. A. N. Winchell and E. R. Miller of the University of Wisconsin of a shower of dust which discolored falling snow at Madison and elsewhere. According to somewhat scanty reports, this colored snow covered an area of at least 100,000 square miles and probably much more. The total quantity of dust is estimated to have been at least 1,000,000 tons, and may have greatly exceeded this, perhaps, even amounting to hundreds of millions of tons. A study of the character of the dust and of the attendant meteorological conditions leads to the belief that the dust was blown all the way from the arid regions in the far Southwestern United States, and was therefore transported 1,000 miles or more.

How Prejudice Affects Living.

Prejudice plays a large part in our food purchases. Take the case of butter versus oleomargarine. Experts in the former have been known to fail in ability to distinguish the two, yet we are willing to pay 20 per cent more for butter than for the substitute. The prejudice against goods from storage helps bolster the cost of living. Were it not for storage facilities butter and eggs today would be luxuries for the very rich only. The public was recently reliably informed that storage eggs had proved fresher than fresh eggs. The rabbit would furnish food as well as fur if our "don't like" did not stand in the way. Our "can't eat" and "don't like" are mainly psychological states fixed in habit and prejudice.—Detroit Free Press.

PETROGRAD CITY OF MISERY

Incident Recorded by Maxim Gorky Reveals Frightful Conditions in the Great Russian Capital.

Maxim Gorky has written several sketches of human interest bearing on events in the Russian revolution, which appear in a recent number of the Suddeutschen Monatshefte. Among them the following adventure of a young woman in the streets of Petrograd late at night, written in Gorky's characteristic style:

A young woman tells me:

"I was with my sick sister until late and left her at midnight to go home, just when all the lights in the streets were extinguished. The streets were dark and ghostly figures stood in doorways—one could not tell whether they were watchmen or robbers. As I hurried along I suddenly heard heavy steps behind me. I looked around fearfully. A man in military uniform, slender and with pale face and hollow eyes, was following me.

"There was nobody else in sight and no signs of a cab. The man continued following me like fate. My God, I thought, is he going to rob me or, perhaps, do something even worse? I took my gold bracelets from my arms and hid them in folds of my dress. He approached me, and in a soft, sad musical voice, said:

"'Madam.'

"I made no reply, but hurried on. He, however, kept pace beside me.

"'You are afraid of me?'

"'Leave me, leave me!' I cried.

"He laughed—a forced, tragic laugh, and said:

"'Don't you see I simply want to ask for alms? I have not had a bite to eat in two days. I am an officer and a respectable man. But, by God! if I don't get anything to eat I will not be responsible for myself. Help me, I know you can.'"

"I looked steadily at him now. Never will I forget those hollow, hungry eyes and the teeth showing under a small black mustache. I opened my purse and put some money in his extended palm.

"'But where are you going to get something to eat at this time of the night?' I said. 'All stores and shops are closed. Come with me and I will prepare some coffee for you. I also have some bread.'"

"He shook his head.

"'No,' he said sadly, 'I cannot do that; I want no one ever to know.'

"He bowed graciously and stepped back.

"'And what will you do for food when this little money is spent? What will you do tomorrow?'

"'I thank you. Pardon me—oh, tomorrow? Tomorrow!'

"He kept on repeating the word as he left me, and soon his figure was like a ghost disappearing into the darkness of a tomb."

Canadians and the Arctic.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson is a Canadian Icelander. He is of subarctic descent, born in Manitoba. His name does not appear in the exploration records of any "Who's Who" published in Canada. He is known to most people as the man who discovered the blond Eskimos. But this was the least achievement, says the Canadian Courier. What Stefansson and Captain Bernier, Canadians, have done most of all is to demonstrate that Canada has an independent original claim to the fruits of exploration in her own share of the arctic. Canada has the world's record for arctic coast line. Russia and Scandinavia have all that Canada has not. Canada's right of eminent domain in the arctic is marked by the British flag; and if his advice is followed by the government trade may follow the flag, even in the arctic. When we come to commercializing the muskox the Peace River valley will have become the middle of Canada.

One More Great Diamond.

Since Captain Wells picked up the 20-ounce crystal on Tom Cullinan's field in the Transvaal in 1905, the Cullinan diamond weighing 3,025¾ grains uncut, there has been no new addition to the roll of the world's big diamonds until the just reported finding of a 388¼ carat stone at the Jagersfontein mine on Orange river. This is a true "Jager" in the language of the trade, a soft blue-white, and said to be nearly perfect. What cutting will do with it can hardly be guessed. In cut form the weight of historic diamonds, barring the Cullinan, ranges up from the far-famed Kohinoor, 106¼ carats, to the Nizam, 277 carats. The Jubilee is 239, the Victoria 288½, the Regent or Pitt, 146.

The Great Bell at Metz.

As for Metz, there was a sound in the fortress town which dominated all others. La Mute, the great cathedral bell, pealed forth victory and deliverance. She rang the knell of the town in 1870, when the Prussians came marching through her streets, and ever since every child has known that if deliverance came, then would La Mute be heard ringing Lorraine back to France. For over 400 years La Mute has rung for all the joys and sorrows of the Messins, for she is the last of a long line of famous bells cast in the Metz of medieval France.—Christian Science Monitor.

Adaptability.

"You used to be something of a singer."

"Yes," replied Uncle Bill Bottletop. "An' prohibition won't stop me. I'm learning to warble 'The Old Oaken Bucket' instead of 'Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl.'"

WHY

Stringent Game Laws Are Needed in America

A recent Washington dispatch conveyed the impression that, due to a decision of the Supreme court, the federal government could no longer enforce the act to protect migratory birds. We are informed by B. G. Merrill, United States game warden at Hinsdale, that the dispatch is entirely misleading. The litigation in question involved the act of 1913, whereas a new law based on a treaty with Great Britain was passed by congress last year. Mr. Merrill says this law gives the government full power to provide closed seasons for migratory birds.

All lovers of wild life, as well as every right-minded sportsman, will be glad to know that federal protection for these birds has not been withdrawn. They will not be so happy to learn that the legislature of New York has passed a law to extend the time within which ducks may be shot on Long Island. The area involved is, of course, not very large, but any relaxation of the game laws should cause concern.

In France, which has been thickly populated for centuries, there is still wild game in the Argonne forest. Our men went gunning for rabbits, deer, and even wild boar. They are there because they are protected by rigid game laws. Unless we follow a policy of protecting the wild life in this country, France will still have game in its forests after America is entirely denuded.—Chicago Tribune.

WISE PROVISION OF NATURE

Why the Tip of Ermine Weasel's Tail Is Black Is Explained by Naturalist.

"Most scouts know that the ermine weasel changes to white on the coming of cold weather," says Dr. E. F. Bigelow, the Scout naturalist in Boys' Life. "William E. Cram tells why the tip of the tail is black.

"'Late in the autumn, or early in the winter, the ermine changes from reddish brown to white, sometimes slightly washed with greenish yellow or cream color, and again as brilliantly white as anything in nature or art; the end of the tail, however, remains intensely black and at first thought it might be supposed that this would make the animals conspicuous on the white background of snow; but in reality it has just the opposite effect. Place an ermine on new-fallen snow in such a way that it casts no shadow and you will find that the black point holds your eye in spite of yourself and that at a little distance it is quite impossible to follow the outline of the weasel itself. Cover the tail with snow and you can begin to make out the position of the rest of the animal, but as long as the tip of the tail is in sight you see that and that only."

Why Romans Dread Owls.

Some of the worst things ever said about the owl came from the elder Pliny. The Roman naturalist, who trusted more to others' observations than his own, and in whose writings fact and fiction are often inextricably blended, calls the owl an inauspicious and funereal bird. He is particularly severe upon the horned owl, to which he gives a very lugubrious character, calling it the monster of the night that never utters a cheerful note, but emits a doleful shriek or moan. This owl and the screech-owl were especially abhorred and dreaded by the Romans as messengers of death. As the former inhabited only deserted and inaccessible places, its appearance in cities was considered a very alarming omen. During the early days of the consulship a horned-owl happened to stray into the capitol of Rome, causing general consternation. To avert the disasters which the round-faced prodigy was believed to portend, a lustration or general purification was ordered. Butler has referred to this incident in some amusing lines in Hudibras.

How False Fur Is Made.

A process patented in France consists in an improvement in the manufacture of stuffs or objects which imitate fur, plush or velvet, or for use as carpets and the like. The process starts with an animal's fur, or an assemblage of animal or vegetable fibers, and these are immobilized by freezing them in a block of ice. The ice is then sawed into slabs, and a slab is made to undergo a surface melting so as to partially free the hair or fibers on one side, then a suitable glue or cement is applied upon this surface.

A sheet of flexible material acting as the basis of a new make-up is then laid on, so that the hairs adhere to it, and afterward the whole is freed from the ice by melting, leaving the hairs attached to the support. Rubber serves as a good basis for the glue or cement.

How It Could Be Done.

Mike Molloy had got a job in the joinery works and the foreman, thinking to have a rise out of him, said:

"Say, Mike, can you file steam?"

"Certainly," replied Mike, to the foreman's surprise, "if you put it in the vise for me."

How Fake Pistol Works.

A new electric flashlight pistol of French invention for scaring criminals not only displays a bright light when the trigger is pulled, but also makes a noise like a real weapon as well.

WILL LIVE FOREVER

Glory Won by American Marines Imperishable.

Famous Prussian Guard Fled Before Them at Chateau-Thierry as Sheep Before Wolves, and World Was Saved.

From Arbela to Argonne; from the day when Alexander's phalanx bore down the Persian lines to the day when the American marines scattered the best of Germany like smoke, the imperial guard of mighty sovereigns has been the keystone, the central fabric, the very basis of military power. Destroy the guard and the morale of every royal army vanishes like mist before the sun.

Fierce was the fighting on Arbela's plain, and vain the onsets of the Macedonians until the Persian guard gave way—and night saw the Persian empire in the young invader's hands.

Spain's resistless infantry shook the earth till the Spanish guard was mown down by Conde at Rocroy.

At Austerlitz the Russian ranks held fast till the czar's gigantic guards were cut through and scattered. And the soldiers at Waterloo, outflanked, outnumbered, would not yield till the guard gave back upon the fatal slope of Mont St. Jean. So went the story through the ages—and the last chapter of imperial guards and guardsmen's glory is a fitting epilogue.

Down through the ravaged fields of France came the imperial guard of Prussia, and the wearied, wornout men of France gave ground in grim despair. The guard was coming. The guard was conquering. Paris in a few more hours, and victory—a Prussian peace, won by William's matchless guards.

Then, across the wheat fields and hills, came the American marines—young fighting devildogs from overseas. What to them was the glory of the guard? What cared they for the tall, imposing figures, the uniforms, the machinelike advance of William's incomparables? The American marines went into a sheepfold—and the fate of all the world hung in the trembling balance as the struggle raged.

"We saw a few black dots break from the guard and struggle down the hill; then a dark blot on the hillside; then the guard reeled and its whole great mass came staggering down. All is lost—the guard recoils." So spoke the historians who watched at Waterloo.

So it was at Chateau-Thierry. First a few gray dots broke from the far side of the wood; then more and more; then, panic stricken, reeling, whipped, the Prussian guard came madly out and onward and away. The guard recoiled—the day was lost—Germany was lost—the empire of the world was lost.

When the guard breaks, the doom of any king is sealed. It was so three thousand years ago, and what may be the last tale of the wreckage of an imperial guard is but the final confirmation of the old, old story.

In French and in English.

An amusing verbal war has arisen over the propriety, meaning and extent of the French phrase "mon Dieu!" No two interpreters appear to be able to agree. The phrase in English would be "my God!" but the shades of association connected with the French form and with the English form differ so broadly that exactly equivalent expressions and usages of the phrase are difficult to reach. In French it may be an innocent exclamation, but in English-speaking lands it may be flat blasphemy. The variance seems to spring from the varying religious experiences of France and England after the Protestant reformation. In medieval Europe the presence and action of God in the religious plays habituated the populace to speak of him quite familiarly, and the sense of reverence for his name grew faint. In England, however, on account of the influence of Puritanism and then of Methodism, a great reverence for his name arose, and use of the term "my God!" became distasteful to fine natures. But "mon Dieu!" somehow sounds inoffensive.—Spokane Spokesman Review.

Spitzbergen Possibilities.

"Spitzbergen (to the north of Russia) ought to be a region overflowing with animal life and the resort of countless millions of birds beyond those that actually breed there today," said Sir Martin Conway at the Royal Geographical society, London. "It ought to give occupation and an excellent livelihood to a considerable number of hardy folk, who, if they lived and fed rightly and were properly housed, should not find the climate too extreme for a quite tolerable human life."

The ravages of irresponsible hunters, added Sir Martin, ought to be restrained by a small force of honest and efficient naval police equipped with a few seagoing motor launches.

Gas as Fuel.

Experiments in England with ordinary producer gas as a fuel for internal combustion engines has shown that as the size and power of the engine increase the loss on producer gas diminishes. The fact that coal gas, although of lower calorific value than gasoline, gives better results, is accounted for by the pressure of the gas in the bag, which delivers this fuel to the engine with little or no "back pull."

HOW COAL MINES LAID FOUNDATION OF GREAT BRITAIN'S POWER.

—Britain owes its position in the world of commerce and industry, which means its financial status in the world, to coal more than to anything else. If beneath its soil and in its river beds it had possessed as much gold as Australia, or California, or South Africa, it would not have availed it nearly so much as its wealth in "black diamonds." Not only do the coal mines employ more than a million men, but indirectly they produce employment for the cotton, woolen, iron, shipbuilding, and many other great industries without which the country would soon be plunged in poverty.

It is an amazing fact that Britain produces a fourth of all coal used in the world. Coal is money to Britain. It pays in coal for thousands of commodities which are imported into that country, and which no amount of "reconstruction" could enable them to produce within their own borders. Yet Britain's coal is by no means inexhaustible, and it is estimated that at the present rate of consumption it can only last 500 years.

KEPT BUSY ALL THE TIME

Why Missionaries, Unlike Their More Fortunate Brothers, Can Have No Regular Hours.

The missionary formerly worked months, and even long years, for a single convert, and, when he had secured him, had only a single illiterate man from the lower classes. Now he has accessible, on the one hand, millions of lower-class people; and, on the other, an increasing number of men and women who are already the great leaders among their countrymen. The present mission staff and equipment is adapted largely for dealing with the man of the lower classes, and for dealing with him individually. Slowly the skeleton organization has been expanded and partially filled out; but no church has yet grasped these larger opportunities for personal evangelism which the last few years and decades have brought. As the opportunity has grown, schools, hospitals and publishing houses have been added—designed to care for work already under way. With few exceptions the missionaries on the field are tied down to the direction of these institutions. They must supervise the churches and the native pastors; run the hospital; manage the printing press; keep accounts, and, in the greater proportion of fields, cultivate an American constituency to meet their increasing needs for more money. Many missionaries are now compelled, aside from their own salaries, to finance the greater part of their work. There is a man in India whose mission expenses run from 1,200 to 1,500 "rupees" a month. He receives 300 by appropriation; the remainder he must raise as best he can. More extraordinary still is the fact that he actually raises it.—Tyler Dennett in Asia Magazine.

Why Hospitals in Clouds.

For many years medical men have been hunting for a place that would be absolutely germ-proof, and at last it has been found, the Philadelphia North American states. Now that aviation is becoming a part of modern warfare, we have learned a great deal about the air that we never knew before. If we go high enough, there are no germs and the pressure is less also as we go higher up. The question now is, wouldn't it be a good thing to put our hospitals up there, at least those dealing with open wounds and diseases that needs lots of fresh air, such as tuberculosis? Enormous airships could be anchored above our heads and the patients could be carried up in airplanes. Stranger things than that are happening every day around us, and physicians say that the idea even now is more than a pipe dream. Such a hospital would be ideal for children with the rickets. Up in the clouds, where there was nothing but pure air and sunlight, the very lack of which caused their disease, they would probably come down in a few weeks totally cured.

How Soft Coal Is Made Hard.

Converting bituminous coal into an equivalent of hard coal is a late development that will have a far-reaching effect on American industry, according to Popular Mechanics magazine. The new fuel is entirely smokeless and under the new process by-products now wasted are recovered. These largely compensate for the cost of conversion. A plant has been in operation in the East for some time, perfecting the process and making tests of a practical character. The raw coal is subjected to a distillation process at low temperatures, the residue being pressed into hard, durable bricks that are again subjected to distillation and produce an intense heat.

How Bobby Got Dirty.

John and Robert had just been dressed in their new white suits and were waiting near the porch for their mother to take them downtown. When their mother came out John's suit was still clean, but Robert's suit was soiled.

"Why, Robert, I have a notion to leave you at home," said his mother.

"Oh, don't, mother," said Robert, half crying; "you know the dirt blows right past John and sticks on me."